THE MEREDITH EAGLE.

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JILTED.

HER VERSION.

"Who is Ned?" Why, I thought that you knew
We once were engaged for a year!
Oh, but that was before I knew you—
That was ages ago, my dear.
"Over cordial!" Now, hubby, for shame!
Such nonsense! Yes, that was his wife—
Demure little thing—and so tame—
Men do make such blunders in life.
Ned was such a good-hearted fellow—
"Devoted?" of course he was then!
Oh, you need not frown and turn yellow,
I could have had a dozen men.
One thing I will say, however,
He's unhappy, that I can see;
Poor fellow! he probably never
Quite conquered his passion for me.
"Too poor?" Yes, but proud as a lord—
When you came—well, you know the rest—
Dear, you said you would take me abroad;
Yes, of course, I loved you the best!

HIS VERSION.

"Ned, who is that over-dressed lady
You greeted so warmly to-day?
What is it you're keeping so shady?
What is she to you, anyway?"
"That lady?—the wife of a banker
(Thought her toilet remarkably fine).
By the way, you ought to thank her,
She was once an old flame of mine.
I offered my 'congratulation,'
Nothing more—to tell you the truth,
Our affair—mere infatuation,
In the days of my callow youth.
Was she fond of me? Well, she said so.
'Did I love her?' We spooned for a year.
Why didn't we marry?' Why you know
I met you, and loved you, my dear.
Of course, we all know that he bought her—
Youth and beauty exchanged for pelf!
What? 'If you weren't a rich man's daughter?'
My dear! I loved you for yourself!"

THE TRUTH ABOUT IT.

'Twas the old, old story repeated;
Two young hearts that once beat as one;
Their twin aspirations defeated;
Two young lives forever undone.
You think so? You're sadly mistaken!
They each had a—something to sell.
Each fancies the other forsaken,
And both, yes, they both "Married Well!"

NEEDLE AND THREAD.

"An old bachelor?" said Honora Maywood.

"That's what he told me, just in so many words," said Mrs. Pennypacker, who stood on the threshold of her best room, with her head tied up in a pocket handkerchief, and a hair broom in her hand, wherewith she gesticulated, after a tragic fashion, as she talked, while Miss Maywood, tall and slender as a wild lily, stood in the hall, with a roll of music under her arm, and her slight figure wrapped in a shabby shawl.

"And he's willing to pay me cash price every Sunday. Never attempted to beat me down a penny, if you'll believe it, my dear."

"Why should he?" said Honora.

"Most people do, my dear," said Mrs. Pennypacker. "A wrinkled old widow like me, who has her living to earn, is mostly fair game for everybody. But he never objected to my terms. A real gentleman, my dear—every inch of him. But he's a little particular I'm afraid."

"I suppose most old bachelors are," said Miss Maywood, smiling.

"Yes, my dear—yes," nodded Mrs. Pennypacker. "But this gentleman is beyond the average, I think."

"And if he is?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Pennypacker, making a dab with her broom-handle at a stray moth miller which was fluttering blindly against the garnet damask window curtains; "nothing except that one don't know where to have him. He drinks only English breakfast tea, and he wants his pie crust made with the best Alderney butter, instead of lard, as good enough for other people; and he must have ventilators to all his windows, and an open grate instead of the base burning stove, and—I hope you'll not be offended, my dear—but he particularly dislikes a piano."

"Dislikes a piano?" said the little music teacher, reddening in spite of herself.

"And he says, says he: 'I hope Mrs. Pennypacker, that there is no piano in the house. A piano,' says he, 'plays the deuce with my nervous system, with its everlasting tum, tum!' These were his words, my dear. So I courtesies, and says I: 'You'll not be troubled with one here, sir.' And so, my dear, I'll be grateful if you won't mind doing your practicin' until he's out for his daily walk—from one to three, just as regular as the clock."

Miss Maywood looked piteously up into the landlady's face

"I will do anything to oblige you, Mrs. Pennypacker," she said earnestly. "I have not forgotten how much I am indebted to you both in actual money and in kindness, which money can never repay."

And her soft blue eyes filled with tears as she spoke.

"My dear, don't say a word," said Mrs. Pennypacker, hastily. "You've been sick and you've got a little behindhand, and its quite natural you should be low spirited now and then. But you mustn't get discouraged. Things will look up after a while. And you are quite welcome to stay on here until you are able to settle up your little account."

Honora Maywood sighed as she thought how often her little advertisement had been inserted in the daily newspapers, without attracting the least notice from the world of patrons and pupils. There were so many "capable music teachers, willing to give lessons at moderate prices" nowadays and how was any one to know how sorely she needed the money?

And as time crept on and no pupils came Honora began to ask herself seriously whether she should go out in some menial capacity or stay genteelly at home and starve.

"Clothes, ma'am."

Honora started from her reverie as the washerwoman's stumpy little girl banged herself, like a human battering ram, up against the door, with a preposterously large basket on her arm.

"Yes," said Honora, coloring. "Put them down, Sally. But I—I'm afraid it isn't convenient to pay your mother to-day."

"Mother didn't say nothin' 'bout the pay," said Sally, wiping her forehead, with a whisk of her feet, sniffling herself nearly off her feet. "I was to leave the clothes, with her 'umble duty, and she 'oped they'd suit; but it was that damp on Monday and Tuesday as starch would not stick. And she 'opes you'll excuse all mistakes, as they'll be done better next time."

"I dare say they are quite right," said Honora, with a little sigh, as she marveled at this unexpected access of courtesy on the part of her Milesian laundress.

But when Sally had stamped off down stairs, her flapping slippers beating a sort of tattoo as she went, and Miss Maywood took off the fringed towel that covered the basket of clothes, she gave a little start.

"Shirts," said Honora, "and socks, and turn-over collars, No. 16, and great, big pocket handkerchiefs, like the sails of a ship, and white vests, and—goodness me! what does it all mean? Mrs. Mulvey has sent me some gentleman's wardrobe by mistake. I must send these back at once."

But then Miss Maywood looked down at the articles in grave consideration.

"I never had a brother," mused Miss Maywood; "and I can't remember my father; but of this I am quite certain, if I had either one or the other, I should thank a girl to mend their dilapidated wardrobes, if they looked like this. And Mrs. Mulvey can't send before night, and unfortunately I have nothing to do, so I'll just mend this poor young fellow's clothes, whoever he may be. A half-starved theological student, perhaps, training for the Polynesian Islands; or, perhaps, a newspaper reporter, or a pale clerk under the dazzling skylights of some dry goods palace. At all events, he's worse off than I am, for he can't mend his own clothes, and I can."

And the smiles dimpled around Honora Maywood's little rosebud of a mouth as she sat down to darn holes, sew on tapes, and insert patches.

"He'll never know who did it," said Honora to herself, "but I dare say he'll be thankful; and if one can get a chance to do a little good in this world, one ought not to grudge one's time and trouble."

And as Honora stitched away she mused sadly whether or not she ought to accept a position which had offered itself as assistant matron in an orphan asylum, where the work would be almost unendurable, and the pay next to nothing, with no Sundays or holidays, and a ladies' committee, consisting of three starched old maids, to "sit" on her the first Friday of every month.

"I almost think I'd rather starve," said Honora. "But, dear me! starving is a serious business, when one comes to consider it face to face."

Sally Mulvey came back puffing and blowing like a human whale in about two hours.

"Mother says she's sent the wrong basket," said she, breathlessly.

"I thought it very probable, Sally," said Miss Maywood.

"And mother's compliments," added Sally, "and she can't undertake your things no longer, Miss Maywood, 'cause she does a cash business, and there ain't nothing been paid on your account since last June."

Honora felt herself turning scarlet.

"I am very sorry, Sally. Tell your mother I will settle my bill as soon as I possibly can."

Sally flounced out of the room red and indignant, like an overcharged thunder cloud, and poor little Honora, dropping her head into her hands, burst into tears.

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"Pretty girl, that—very pretty," said Mr. Broderick, the old bachelor, to his landlady.

"Do you mean—"

"I mean the young lady boarder of yours that I see on the stairs now and then," said Mr. Broderick. "Nice figure—big, soft eyes, like a gazelle. Didn't some one tell me she was a music teacher?"

"That's her profession," Mrs. Pennypacker. "But there ain't many pupils as wants tuition, and, poor little dear, she has but a hard time of it."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Broderick. "What fools women are to have a regular profession. If I had a daughter I'd bring her up a self-supporting institution."

And Mr. Broderick disappeared into his room, in the midst whereof stood a girl with flapping slippers, a portentous shawl and bonnet, which had originally been manufactured for a woman twice her size.

"Who are you?" demanded Mr. Broderick.

"Please, sir, I'm Sally—the washerwoman's Sally!" was the response.

"And what do you want here?" said Mr. Broderick.

"Please, sir, I've come to bring your things," said Sally, chattering off her lesson like a parrot. "And, please, sir, her 'umble duty, and she 'opes they'll suit, it was that damp and muggy Monday and Tuesday, as starch wouldn't stick; and she 'opes you'll excuse all mistakes, as they shall be done better next time, sir—please, sir."

"Who minded 'am?" demanded Mr. Broderick, whose hawk eye had already caught sight of the dainty needlework upon his garments.

"Nobody mended 'em," said Sally. "And mother says it's easy to see as the new gent is a bachelor, on account of the holes in his heels and toes, and strings off his dickeys."

"I can tell you who mended 'em," said Mrs. Pennypacker, "for I see her at it, the pritty Miss Maywood! And says she, 'I don't know whose they are, Mrs. Pennypacker; but,' says she, 'they need mending, and a kind action never comes amiss.' No more it does, sir, Lord bless her!"

"Humph!" said Mr. Broderick. "She's right—no more it does. And she's a regular scientist at the needle, is Miss Maywood. Just look at that patch, Mrs. Pennypacker! 'Euclid's geometry' couldn't produce a straighter line or truer angles. See the toe of that stocking! It's like a piece of Gobelin tapestry. That's the way I like to see things done!"

And Mr. Broderick never rested until he had been formally introduced to Honora Maywood, and he thanked her with equal formality for the good office she had unwittingly rendered him.

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It was a golden October evening that Honora came down into the kitchen, where Mrs. Pennypacker was baking pies for her eccentric boarder, with the crusts made of the best Alderney butter instead of lard.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said Mrs. Pennypacker, "what a thing it is to be an old bachelor."

"He won't be a bachelor much longer," said Honora, laughing and coloring as she laid her cheek on the good lady's cushioning shoulder.

"What do you mean?" said Mr. Pennypacker.

"He has asked me to marry him," said Honora, "after only two weeks acquaintance. He says that a girl who can mend stockings as I do needs no other test. And he says he loves me; and—and—

"Well?"

"I almost think I love him!" whispered Miss Maywood.

And so the problem of Honora's solitary life was solved, all through the magic influence of "Needle and Thread."

Truthful Colored George.

The Macon (Ga.) *Telegraph* tells the following story:—"My neighbor Odum was in the habit of leaving his large cotton baskets in the field at night. These baskets were at the end of the rows and near the public road. One night he left seven of these baskets in the field. Next morning two or three of them were missing. It had rained the night before, and it was not difficult to follow the track of a one-horse wagon that had evidently carried away the baskets. Mr. Odum, with a trusty negro, who was also interested in the cotton, pursued, following the track without difficulty till it brought them to the humble residence of George Washington, a colored citizen, where they found cotton spread out upon the floor, and wet—evidently but recently placed there. The man and his wife denied that it had been stolen; and said it was their own cotton, and so far it seemed not possible to identify the cotton. However, they secured George and then continued to follow the wagon to beyond the house about half a mile in the woods, where they found the wagon and the empty baskets. This was too much for the namesake of the immortal patriot. He owned up, and said: 'Gentlemen, I can't tell a lie—I stoled dat cotton. I couldn't help it. It warn't my fault. It was Mr. Odum's fault. He had no business to put dat cotton so fare to be took. I can't tell no lie 'bout it. I took dat cotton, and the only thing dat troubled me at the time was dat my wagon wasn't big enough to take all dem baskets. I'd took all seven if I had done had room in dat one-horse wagon. It was Mr. Odum's fault.'"

Woman Suffrage.

On the subject of woman suffrage, Gov. Butler, of Massachusetts, in his inaugural message says: "For myself I believe that that right is given them by the constitution of the United States. By the decision of the courts I am overruled in my action on this subject, but not in my convictions. It is an experiment in our government which has never been here practically tried, for although women are allowed to vote for a single class of municipal officers, yet there are so many restrictions and impediments thrown around it, that no woman with a proper spirit of self-respect, ought to allow herself to pass through the ordeal to attain a useless privilege." He suggests that election day be made a holiday, and that local elections throughout the State be so arranged that all will fall on the same day as the general election. On the subject of naturalization he advocates that every judge of a district or municipal court have the power to issue certificates of naturalization, and is in favor of confining it even to them, for they as neighbors are better able to decide from knowledge whether the facts are true in the application. It will relieve the dockets of the higher courts; and in closing on the topic he adds that all the systematic frauds in naturalization alleged and proved in a neighboring State were done in the superior courts of that State.

A certain Sunday-school teacher was in the habit of making a collection in his juvenile class for missionary objects every Sunday, and his box received stores of pennies which might otherwise have found their way to the drawers of the confectioner and toy-man. He was not a little surprised, however, one Sunday, to find a country note crushed in among the weight of copper. He was not long in finding it to be of a broken bank, and on asking the class who put it there, the donor was soon pointed out by his mates, who had seen him deposit it, and thought it a very benevolent gift. 'Didn't you know that this note was good for nothing?' said the teacher. "Yes," answered the boy. "Then what did you put it in the box for?" "I didn't s'pose the little heathen would know the difference, and thought it would be just as good for them."

It occurs to be a cold day when summer gets left.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

THE JEALOUS MAN.

How Jones Discovered His Christmas Present, and the Good It Did Him.

Peace, like a white-winged dove, has lately brooded over the Jones family; but one day last week the demon of discord entered most unexpectedly. Jones was getting ready to go down town in the morning, and in looking for a handkerchief in the family bureau found a drawer that resisted him—in fact it was locked, a most unheard-of thing in that family.

At first it only made Jones mad, because the resistance threw him across the room, and bounced him up against a chiffonier on the other side, but when he regained consciousness he called Maria and asked her with white, calm lips, where the key was.

She said it was in her pocket. He demanded it. She refused to give it to him; and then ensued one of those painful domestic silences which are so much more harrowing than words or blows. Jones went out and came in for three days, and sulked during the whole time, for an awful suspicion had taken possession of him. He remembered that Maria had been distraught and mysterious lately, with a glassy look in her eyes. He recalled the fact that several times the door-bell had rung in the evening and she had evaded his inquiry as to who was there. He knew the evil tendency of the age and shuddered at the idea that Maria had met a handsomer man than he.

Green-eyed jealousy took possession of his soul and ate and ate into his heart like a canker.

But all things come to an end. One night Mrs. Jones went out, and as she tripped past the parlor door she looked in and said: "Jeptha, if you hear the baby gurgle I wish you'd look at him."

That was his opportunity—now or never. He crept softly upstairs and entered the peaceful room where their child was sleeping and turned the gas down to the merest glimmer; then he stealthily produced a key and fitted it into the lock of that drawer and pulled it silently open, and there lay before him the picture of that other man—Oh, no! but a pair of slippers embroidered in red, green, and yellow with a terra-cotta "J. J." in a wreath of eglantine on each toe and a "Merry Christmas" card tacked to the pair. Poor Jones! this was even worse than he expected. It is enough to break up any man to thrust a pair of embroidered slippers upon him, and as he stood and looked and shivered and realized that the things were four inches too short, and had soft heels, he saw a paper sticking up curiously on one side. It was addressed in a man's handwriting to Mrs. Jones. Ha! ha! this, then, was a clew!

It was; it was the bill from the man who sold the shoes, and it included one for the velvet and another for the embroidery, and Jones was trying to foot the matter up to his satisfaction when a tremendous blow fell on his head and a fearful howl rent the air as Bridget shrieked:

"Ow, ye mizzable, thieven, marauding blaggard, I'll tache ye to stale into decent people's houses—oh, howly Moses! it's the master himself, bad cess to him. How was I to tell him from enny other thafe?"

Jones patched up a peace with Bridget, who promised not to say "divil a wurrd" to Mrs. J., but oh, with what a weary heart does the unhappy man wait for the coming Christmas!—*Detroit Post.*

The Cleverdale Mystery.

The New York *Hour* gives us the plot of the new political novel, "Cleverdale," as follows: The romance hero of the story is George Alden, clerk in the Cleverdale Bank; the political hero, or demon, is Hon. Darius Hamblin, President of the bank and of a large woolen mill, member of the State Senate and aspirant to the Governorship. Alden loves Hamblin's daughter, Belle, but the Senator intends to use the young lady as he has used his money, social position and everything else, for the furtherance of his political schemes. Mr. Walter Mannis, a brilliant member of the Assembly and reputed rich, is desired by the Senator as son-in-law, and as Mannis is quite willing to accept the position, the Senator gets rid of Alden by hiring a recent political servitor to falsify Alden's accounts at the bank. The trick is not entirely to the Senator's taste, hardened politician though he is, for Alden had distinguished himself by saving some lives during a disastrous fire at the mill, injuring himself terribly by the operation; but political schemes must be effected though the heavens fall, so Alden disappears, an alleged defaulter. Even the young lady's affections cling to him, so Mannis, who is desperately in love with the girl and the father's supposed wealth, robs a grave and dresses the body in an old suit of Alden's clothes. The body is found, the heart-broken girl consents to marry Mannis, but Alden, of course, returns in the nick of time to forbid the bans, the old father relents and all ends happily.

How Things Mix Up.—Chief Shaw, of the London Fire Department, when in this country a few months ago, expressed the opinion that such big fires as we have in New York would be impossible in London, because of the superiority of the fire service in the latter city. A few weeks after his return home London was visited by a $15,000,000 fire. Two or three days before that fire broke out the St. Louis newspapers published a letter from Chief Shaw, in which the writer spoke in terms of highest praise of the St. Louis Fire Department, and particularly commended the firemen for the celerity of their movements. Now the underwriters of St. Louis have demanded the removal of the chief of the department for alleged incompetency.

SECRETS OF THE CIRCUS.

Interesting Talk with a Gymnast—How the Perpendicular Leap is Performed.

Lulu, the gymnast has been interviewed by a reporter and gives us a little sketch of his exploits. Lulu it is known, appeared for a number of years as a female and was so believed to be. He says:—"My sex was always a matter of speculation, but my appearance was in favor of the theory that I was a woman; and no one could assert that I was not. When I was younger my face was of an essentially feminine type. I maintained my disguise under all circumstances; even my intimate acquaintances were deceived. My hair, which was very light, was allowed to grow long, and was put up in curl papers every night as regularly as the locks of the most finical maiden. My dresses were marvels of art and—if I may say it—the envy of women. I received all sorts of attentions from men. No favorite equestrienne ever received more notes or flowers. Once I was asked to act as bridesmaid at a wedding, and as I could not refuse, I went through the ceremony, blushing when it was proper and looking demure and sorry just at the right moments. But the greatest trial I ever had was in fighting off a German baron who wanted to marry me. He attended my performances night after night, sent me flowers and messages and made use of every opportunity he could to express his devotion. He followed me from town to town, and it was with difficulty that I got rid of his attentions at last."

"How was your perpendicular leap made?"

"By means of a mechanical device," replied the gymnast, twirling his moustache. "It is necessary to have innovations in all forms of amusement. The world grows tired of old tricks. I stood in full view of the spectators on an iron plate about a foot in diameter, which was attached to a spindle running down through a frame-work. This spindle was thrown up a distance of seven feet above the stage by means of rubber springs, carrying the plate with it. The springs were powerful enough to send my body through the air like a shot. Another set of rubber bands jerked the spindle back as quickly as it shot out, so that the motion both ways was too quick for sight. On reaching my distance I caught hold of ropes.

"It was necessary to pose my body so that it would be in line with the median line of the spindle. Otherwise I would receive a severe shock, be thrown in the wrong direction and miss the ropes. The least delay in releasing the spring after the signal is given increases the danger.

"One night at Dublin the machine was imperfect and the spring became released before I was ready, throwing me on my head and shoulders in the ochestra circle. There was a great uproar in the house. When they carried me out they thought I was dead. This performance is so dangerous, in fact, that no other gymnast has ever undertaken it."

"What sensations do you experience?"

"I feel as if the earth had suddenly fallen from under me. But there is really no time for thought. I am at the ropes in an instant."

"How are you able to grasp the ropes?"

"By instinct. I can see nothing."

"What induced you to give up this performance?"

"I grew too stout. One day my body was almost telescoped by the shock. I then set to work to devise a machine that would enable me to distribute the force over my whole body. The result was, the catapult, after several months spent in making experiments. An iron plane about fifteen feet long is suspended on an axle on a slight angle. Rubber springs are made to act so as to throw the plane forward suddenly into a position nearly perpendicular. This movement throws my body, which is lying at full length at the upper end of the plane, so that I describe an arc and alight in a net about sixteen feet from the machine. My first performance on the catapult was given three years ago at Blackpool, England.

"I was nearly killed two or three times, although I had experimented for months with weights and stuffed figures, I could not tell how far the machine would throw me or in what position I would alight. The first time I was thrown I lost all sense of what I was doing or where I was going. I was utterly helpless and came down into the net on my head and face. My head was so cut and bruised that my hair came out in bunches."

Buying a Florida Curiosity.

A man from North Billerica, Mass., bought a piece of wild land near Lake Hickpochee, Florida, because of a wonderful natural curiosity which the land agent pointed out to him. It was a palmetto log wedged in the branches of a water oak, twenty feet from the ground. The purchaser moved upon the place, and spent his time between meals and grubbing roots in wondering at the log in the tree. One day last week he solved the problem. It rained as it rains only in the Everglades, turning a flood of water from the saw grass region down into Lake Hickpochee, and his neighbors heard him shouting three miles away. He hallooed all night long, and the next morning they went over in a boat and brought him out. He was sitting on the top of the tree with his feet in the water, and with a long pole, was keeping off floating palmetto logs that were endangering his seat by wedging themselves in among the branches. The land agent thinks he can sell the place for him at a profit when the water goes down, and the flood does not ruin the curio[illegible]

The [illegible]ish Army.—The Irish in the Bri[illegible]y are slightly more than one-tw[illegible]s entire force.

Policy Gambling.

There is probably as much money spent in our large cities in policy gambling, as there is in bread. Some men are so infatuated with the swindle that they deprive themselves and their families of the necessaries of life to satisfy their propensities in a wickedly foolish direction. A policy man describes the chances for striking a prize as follows:

"Has any one ever computed the chances of the policy buyer, asked the reporter?"

"Yes. In the seventy-eight numbers in the wheel there are 76,076, 'gigs' or combinations of threes."

"Then when a man selects a 'gig' and pays ten cents for it, he stands one chance in 76,076 of winning $20?"

"Precisely."

"And in case one of each possible 'gig' were bought the receipts would be $7,607.60?"

"Correct again!"

"Then, on the principle of even chances, a man might 'blow in' $7,607.60, ten cents at a time, and then draw out $20?"

"Go to the head!"

"Did you ever know of lightning striking any one in a policy shop?"

"Well, very seldom."

"Or of a head office failing in business?"

"Never!"

Ostrich Farming.

A Nevada paper says: A lot of twenty-two ostriches passed through to California the other night. They constitute the "plant" of an experiment about to be made in what is called "ostrich farming," but which, according to Pacific Coast notions and the business itself, should be called ostrich ranching. We are of the opinion that the ostrich will live and multiply in many places in Southern California, Arizona, and New Mexico, but doubt the profitableness of ostrich ranching. It is about like the business of breeding camels. Camels do well in Nevada, increasing about as rapidly as any other kind of stock, but no one appears to know what to do with them. A lot taken from this section of the State to the desert regions to the southward for use in packing and prospecting, proved of so little value that they were turned loose to shift for themselves, and are now breeding and running wild up toward the head-waters of the Gila River.

It will probably be the same with the ostriches. After the experiment of herding them on a ranche has proved a failure, some of the birds will be allowed to shift for themselves and will thus stock the wilds of Arizona, New Mexico, and other regions in that direction.

A Rat Plague.

Paris is just now suffering acutely from an invasion of rats. When the Seine rose during the recent floods it drove the rat from his comfortable home in the sewer. The ejected army of rats has billeted itself in more comfortable winter quarters, in the Rue Dauphine, in the Rue de Bac, the Rue des Saints-Peres, for instance, taking possession with the greatest coolness, and maintaining strict military order, as if in obedience to a common general. The houses on the river banks they have avoided, keeping well to the boulevards. Some of the host are said to be enormous in size, as big as cats, says one chronicler, of unparalleled audacity, and with teeth long enough and sharp enough to take a piece clean out of a Deputy's leg with impunity. They turn up in all sorts of odd places—in boots, trousers, petticoats, boxes, drawers—and one virtuous *bonne* nearly died from the shock when she surprised an enterprising rodent in her bed. They are not to have it all their own way, however, for an opposing army of all the available dogs and cats is being levied, and the cafes are ringing with the feats of the various champions.

Madagascar.

The London *Economist* says: "Though Englishmen may regret keenly the conquest of Madagascar by France, it is not their duty or their business to prevent it in the only possible way—by insisting, at any risk, that the conquest shall not be attempted. Let the French get a bit of the tropical world if they can." Possibly in this friendly speech the *Economist* is influenced by the fact that the attempt of France to subjugate Madagascar would be likely to involve her in trouble and expense at least as serious as that which Holland has found in Acheen. In a roadless, rugged country, made for ambushes, and where European troops would be subject to the utmost peril from exposure to intense heat and noisome swamps, loss would make a very heavy account against gain. The metropolis of the Hovas, the chief tribe, is 200 miles from the capital, and is known to have been left roadless with an eye to the present contingency. European travelers and rich natives go by palanquin.

A certain lawyer of New York, well known for his powers of repartee, had been down to Salina to try a case. Returning to town the conductor was very impertinent in his manner because the lawyer was rather tardy in producing his ticket when called for to be punched. Somewhat ruffled, the lawyer remarked to a friend next to him: "The Southern Pacific shall never see a cent of my money after this." "Going to foot it up and down from now on, eh?" sneered the conductor. "Oh, no," replied the lawyer, quietly: "Instead of buying my ticket at the office I shall pay my fare to you."

The Chain Gang.—Of sixty-one prisoners working out fines in the chain gang on the streets of Atlanta, Ga., twenty-seven are women.

A FEW STRAY JOKES.

WHAT WE FIND IN THE HUMOROUS PAPERS.

A Bad Habit—The Baby's Adventure—A Sad Christmas Eve., Etc.

A BAD HABIT.

The habit some bold, bad men have of going out between acts at the theatre to some quiet, secluded spot where they can be alone to commune with nature and eat a clove, received a set back in Des Moines, Iowa, the other evening. A gentleman residing in the city went to the play in the evening and took with him his little five-year-old boy. Between a couple of acts the man left his little boy on the seat alone and went out to "see a man" just a moment. When he came in he was surprised, as were those who had hear him, to hear the little boy ask: "Where you been, pa, out to get a drink?" The father sat down and his face turned red and he was sorry he had gone out. The little boy had heard, probably, of men going out between acts for a drink and he playfully asked his father if he had been out to get a drink. The man was, probably, one of these jolly, good natured fellows, who occasionally take something just for sociability's sake, and thinking he could meet some of his friends out at the bar and enjoy a social drink with them, he took his usual trip in that direction. But the little five-year old had caught on, and the boy, whose father would not have grow up a drunkard, or even knowing that his father ever drank a drop for all the world, had tumbled to the fact that generally when men go out between acts it is to get a drink. Fathers little think how in many ways they can set a bad example before their little ones, who will early learn what it is to go out between acts with the boys.—*Peck's Sun.*

JOHN HEATHCOTE'S SAD CHRISTMAS EVE.

"Mamie is dying."

These were the words that the telegraph-key clicked out upon the silence that had fallen upon the station of which John Heathcote was in charge. It was Christmas eve, and for nearly four hours the man had sat there, the only occupant of the little room in which his business as telegraph operator and depot-master was transacted. He had listened in a mechanical sort of way to the messages that were flashing over the wires—orders concerning the movements of trains, brief commercial messages, telling in terse language the state of the markets in all parts of the world, Christmas greetings from friends and relatives who sought to make separation less painful by an interchange of kindly words and sentiments—and in the midst of them all came those three words to his office—three little words that meant sorrow and desolate hearts in some household on the morrow, that day when peace, and joy, and good-will should reign everywhere supreme. And so, as John Heathcote placed the message in an envelope and sent it by his office-boy to an address with which he was not familiar, there was, perhaps, the suspicion of a tear glistening in his honest eye, and mayhap the hand that penned the address trembled a little, for he had wife and children of his own, had John Heathcote, and it came to him with awful force how cheerless his life would be were one of the little pairs of arms that each morning twined so lovingly around his neck to be folded across a heart that was stilled forever, and the deep brown eyes to be closed in the dreamless sleep of death. And while he was still thinking there came again the nervous click of the instrument, and as he answered the call he felt instinctively that the message he was to receive would bring more bad news. And he was right.

"Mamie is dead; I will be home in the morning," were the words that came to him over the wires, and then the tears in honest John Heathcote's eyes were plain enough, and he was not ashamed that he had wept at the sorrows of people all unknown to him.

* * * * * * * *

When the morning train from the West came thundering into the little town where John Heathcote lived, he was standing upon the platform. His hours of duty had ended some time before, but he could not bear to leave until he had seen the man whose name was signed to the dispatches of the previous night. A sleigh had come to the depot, and the driver had said incidentally that he was to meet Mr. Jones. When the train arrived, a weary-looking man stepped from one of the cars, and the driver of the sleigh approached him. John Heathcote was standing within a few feet of them.

"Good morning, Mr. Jones," said the driver.

"Good morning, John."

"So Mamie is dead?" asked the man.

"Yes," was the reply, in low, agonized tones; "and she would have beaten 2:20 next season."

John Heathcote went away.

THE BABY'S ADVENTURE.

The farmer and his wife came riding into town the other day in a big two-horse wagon, and the woman carried in her arms a baby wrapped up in an old bed quilt. As there was a good deal more bed quilt than baby, the little one slipped out and tumbled unhurt into a soft place in the street, and the couple jogged on serenely unconscious that anything was wrong until a bevy of small boys chased after them yelling:

"Say, mister, you have lost something."

"Don't look round," said the woman, nudging her husband. "It's them city boys, and they allus act jest so."

"S-a-y! missis, be this yours!" shouted the boys in chorus.

"Hain't you dropped nothin'. See?" inquired the farmer, anxiously.

"No, I haven't," answered his wife. "This ain't the fust of April, is it? It's just them city young uns up to their tricks," she continued, shifting the bed quilt a little; then she felt its emptiness. "Lord a massy where's the baby gone to?"

They both looked back and then saw a crowd of boys swarming at the end of the wagon, and in their midst a happy, dusty baby, delighted with the situation. It didn't take them long to recover the youngster, and, wrapping it more securely in its patchwork, they jogged on again.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A BRIDEGROOM'S MISTAKE.

The Fall River *News* tells this story: Within a few weeks a young man well known in this city, was married to the lady of his choice. He loved her dearly, and determined to pay the minister liberally for the service that united two hearts that beat as one. When he put on his wedding clothes, he counted out one roll of bills for the minister and another to pay the expenses of the wedding trip. After the ceremony he thanked the good clergyman in fitting terms and handed him a roll of bills, but, alas, the wrong roll. The minister, on his return to his home, was surprised at the munificence of his fee, but, "fortunately, being an honest man," he hastened to the depot, and succeeded in arriving there before the train with the young couple left, exchanged the wedding trip money for the intended fee, and received the thanks of a confused but grateful husband.

THE BULLETS.

"Shay, officer, what I want to know is where are the bullets?" asked a well-dressed young man in Union square, New York, not long since.

"Ah, go on; go on," said the policeman.

"No, shir; I will not go on. In fact, I mosht respectfully refuse to go on until yo repy to my question. What becom.s of the bullets? old fel; that's what I want to know."

"What in thunder are you talking about?"

"That's not a respectful manner of treating a citizen, but I'll overlook it, old fel, this time. I want to know—you shee every New Year's night or mornin' everybody blows a horn, rings a bell, or fires a pish—pish—revolver. Now, what I want to know is, What becomes of the bullets? They go up in the air, don't they, and they must come down mi'an't they?"

A CURE FOR THE STAGE STRUCK.

"Have you ever any odd applications for places in your company Mr. Backus?" asked the reporter of the famous comedian, now turning gray, but still humorous as ever.

"I have," he replied.

"Will you describe it?"

"An aristocratic lady in a coach drawn by blooded horses drove up in front of my theatre one day. She lived in Fifth avenue, and was very wealthy. She inquired for my office, and then went up to it. I said 'Good day, madame.' She said, 'Good-day, Mr. Backus, I've come to see you about my son, our only child. We don't know what to do with him. He gets drunk, comes home and kicks in the doors, fights roosters, goes to rat-pits and to see pugilists fight. Now he forgets his father's name. We don't care what becomes of him, so I guess we'll have him to join your company.'

"'Well, madame,' said Mr. Backus. 'I would advise you to take him to Harry Hill's, to race courses, to the Madison Square Garden, to Saratoga and Boston. Show him the Bunker Hill Monument. Take him to the top of the monument.'

"'Well, Mr. Backus, and what shall I do with him then?'

"'Throw him off.'"—*N. Y. Journal.*

TEXAS SITTINGS.

Miss Lanotry is described to be a well-built woman. The inference is that she has an alabaster neck, marble brow and an arch expression.

When you read in the newspapers that a politician is brilliant and erratic, it means that he can't let whisky alone.

The great dome of the Capitol at Washington is being painted. The whitewashing is done underneath, on the first floor, by the committees appointed for that purpose.

A New York divorce lawyer's advertisement reads: "Hymenial incompatibilities, as a specialty, carefully adjusted. 'Tis slavery to detain the hand after the heart hath fled."

A silk blanket for a New York poodle costs $16. There seems to be no store in New York where the owner of the poodle can buy a few ounces of brains for his own private use.

Great things are expected from the newly elected officials all over the country, but the general experience of the people is similar to that of the lady who paid $5 a dozen for Cochin China eggs, but when she came to look into the nest, she discovered that they had hatched out Muscovy ducks.

A sick man was advised to go to a doctor for advice. The doctor happened to be a very thin, spare man, so when the invalid saw him, he refused to take any advice from him, remarking: "Why you look to be a confounded sight worse than I am."

A Texas editor, an entire page of whose paper was taken up with the advertisement of a marriage aid association, for which he never received a cent, says he did not mind losing the money but the statement of the assignee that the failure of the association was due to extravagant advertising is what made him, the editor, mad.

S. S. M., West Elmira, N. Y., inquires of us: "How should verbenas and calcadumas be kept during the winter?" They should be wrapped in Finlandese redingote, a sealskin sacque, and a pair of brown overalls; then they should be kept secret. They should also be kept out of the cold, and sewed up with cinnamon and a slight flavor of garlic.—*Puck.*

M. M. ROBINSON,
DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,
Silver and Plated Ware, Spectacles
Fancy Goods. Repairing a Specialty.
LAKE VILLAGE, N. H.

WANTED all the watches in Ashland and vicinity to be brought to
L. E. HULL'S, Ashland, N. H.
THE NEW WATCH MAKER.
Ten years Experience in the Waltham Manufactory. All work Warranted. ap6tfasl

J. F. DURHAM,
Auction & Commission Merchant.
Second-hand Furniture a specialty, for which I pay cash, or take in exchange for goods or work. The Celebrated
Harwood Chair Seating.
LACONIA, N. H.

ELISHA HODGE
Manufacturer of
BOOTS & SHOES.
All kinds of Repairing done promptly and in a workmanlike manner. ma26a

Hughes & Huckins,
DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS & GROCERIES,
Boots and Shoes, Flour, Meal, Hair, Lime, Cement, Fish, Oils, Agricultural Implements, etc. Also, Sawyer's Shockings, Standard, and Cook's Phosphates.
Ashland, N. H. ma26a

WILLARD E. MORSE,
JEWELER.
Watch and Clock Cleaning a Specialty.
Dealer in Gold and Silver Watches, Plated Ware, Silverware, Diamond Set Goods, Clocks from $2 to $5 each. All Work Warranted.
At Perry & Rochester's Store, Main Street
ap26tfasl ASHLAND, N. H.

DR. A. R. GAREY,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
Residence opposite Geo. Hoyt's.
ma26a ASHLAND, N. H.

ASHLAND
DRESS MAKER,
FASHIONABLE
Mrs. N. E. K. ROWE,
Squam Lake House,
J. M. COTTON, Proprietor.
Good Livery connected with the House. Free Carriages to and from every train.
ASHLAND, N. H. ma26a

POLLARD, HARDY & SMYTHE,
DEALERS IN
Dry Goods, Carpets,
Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Ready-made Clothing, Groceries of Every Description, Crockery, Glass and Hard Ware, Paper Hangings of all kinds, Farming Implements, Furniture, Hair, Lime and Cement, Sayer Phosphate, &c., &c.

ASHLAND ALLECATIONS.

Fred J. Collins has been in town this week.

Several here tried their luck at pickerel fishing.

Mrs. Horatio Cotton has been very sick this week.

Earl P. Harrington is driving teams for J. B. Carr.

Charles Sanborn has been hauling oak to the depot this week.

Thomas N. Hughes has been getting out keels for parties in Boston.

Norman W. Fogg of West Milan, N. H. is clerking for Pollard, Hardy & Smythe.

It is reported that Dr. Gary has sold his practice here to Dr. Spaulding of Wilmot, N. H.

F. E. Flanders, D. F. Caffey, S. C. Shepard, J. F. Maynard went to Elbow Pond fishing last Tuesday.

J. F. Draper, of the firm of J. F. Draper & Co., has been very ill this week at his home at Glove Hollow.

Ed. McSweeney got his fingers badly jammed at Wilder & co's, mill Thursday while unloading a heavy cask, from the car to the store house.

The village was thrown into a fever of excitement Thursday by the report that Louis Lamond had died suddenly with heart disease, and was found dead in his barn, but such was not the case. He went out ganning in the forenoon, in the woods back of his house, taking along with him an old coat for the purpose of carrying powder, shot, &c. On returning, he threw the old coat down on a pile of sacks in the barn, carried his gun into the house, and put it in its place, then started for his daily labors when are half of the day and not [illegible]. His wife knowing that she [illegible] and not seen him go to the mill [illegible], started for the barn, and taki[illegible]g a glance at the old coat, thought it was he sure, and then she ran to the neighbors who quickly responded upon further examination the true state of affairs was discovered and a messenger was dispatched to Bailey's mill to tell Louis that he had died with the heart disease, and was found in his barn.

MEREDITH MATTERS.

The best of sleighing.

Post master Roberts is gaining.

W. F. Jenness has nearly recovered from his late illness.

Mumps are getting quite fashionable among the juveniles.

The week of prayer was observed here by the different churches.

Several of our citizens attended the public meeting at New Hampton.

Miss Eva Beede has returned to New Jersey where she is engaged in teaching.

Wm. Cilley has recently been visiting friends and relatives in Manchester.

Frank Smith is gaining rapidly and hopes to be out soon, to the delight of his many friends.

A few people attended Theodore Tilton's lecture at Lake Village on the

THERE IS NOTHING LOST.

There is no death, 'tis only gain,
The sun goes down, but is not lost,
In the morning, he will rise again,
And with warm rays, will melt the frost

n that great vault, above our sight.
The stars shine through the live-long day,
We cannot see their twinkling light.
For now the sun has turned this way.

And thus those loved ones are not dead.
They have only passed from out our sight,
We almost hear their golden tread,
As now they walk in realms of light.

From out the foaming billowy sea,
The suns' great power of latest heat,
Dissolves the water, O, so wee,
And now descends in drenching sheets.

The stately mountains crumble down,
To fill the vale to overflow,
So show they move, we see it no or and,
And only in the change we know.

The winter blast, sweeps o'er the field,
Chooks the flowers so pure and bright,
Lut in the spring time they will feel,
The reviving power and know their might.

In this bright world so pure and fair,
There is no loss, the only change,
So many things dissolve to air,
And then turn back to as again.

The clouds are formed from out the sea,
And circling round the mountain tops
They drop their spray upon the lea,
As they fall down in sparkling drops.

And in the circling of the round,
Whether it be in sea or lake,
The water in some other ground,
In dew, or rain, or snowy flake.

The link is whole, it will not break,
Nor try to make it apart,
So let us now this lesson take
And bind it closer to our heart.

This light shines from the [illegible]
O'ebeath the range, y[illegible] one on high,
We w're can ri[illegible] pilgrim lay,
So sing the [illegible] the fountain dry,
[illegible] uth is bright array.

When [illegible] now we speak of those just gone,
[illegible], do not talk of them as dead,
Rejoice for they again are born,
And live where Christ is at the head.

Dr. J. C. W.

Groton, N. H.

THORNTON.

The "Ball at Home" for the benefit of Dea. Ira Hall, held in the new hall, was a most remarkable array of names out of a population of about 1000 souls. [illegible] Lizzie L. and Sarah E. James, Lizzie M. Sanborn, Martha E. Foss, Addie M. Chapter, Mary [illegible] Marion H. Kelley, Minnie E. [illegible] and Sarah E. Jones, Lizzie M. Sanborn, Martha E. Foss, Addie M. Chapter, Mary [illegible] and

NEW GOODS

AT LESS THAN

MARKED-DOWN PRICES!

at Concord, N. H.

C. M. Boynton

has just received 5 pieces more of those excellent 16 Twill Black Cash meres, of which he advertised and closed out over 200 yards in five days. This is the last lot we can get to sell less than $1.12 1-2 per yard. These five pieces we shall sell for 87 1 2 cents to crowd our cash sales for the next two weeks.

Bargains in Black Silk Velvets, and all Dress Goods. As a special bargain we offer 1,000 yards, 36 in. Continental Cotton, for 6 1-2 cents per yard, and 800 yards Fruit of Loom Bleached Cotton, in short lengths, for 8 cents per yard; now is the time to lay in a stock at popular prices.

6,000 yards Hamburg just bought and will be opened to-day. Send for samples.

C. M. BOYNTON,

CENTRAL BLOCK, SIGN OF THE BIG HAND, Concord, N. H.

SMITH, LOUGEE & CO'S.

Bottom knocked out of prices in Ready Made Clothing and Hats and Caps.

The Goods must Be Sold. 100 Men's and Boys' Caps, Only 25 cents each; worth from 50 to 75 cts. 75 Men's and Boys' Caps, at 50 cents each, just half price; worth $1 each.

Overcoats! Overcoats! Dobson's Heavy $8.00 Overcoats Marked down to Five Dollars.

Very Heavy Black and Brown Beaver Overcoats Worth $12.00 Marked Down to $9.00.

An Extra Fine lot of Satin-Faced Overcoats Marked from $18.00 down to $12.00.

All Wool Serge Overcoats in Colors; From $10.00 down to $12.00

Large Line of Beaver Overcoats which we mark at prices that can't fail to suit everybody.

Ulsters. Ulsters. Don't fail to examine if you want the best value ever offered.

☞Gent's all wool Shirts and Drawers, down to 75c to close; usual price, $1.25 each. Special Bargains in our entire line of Underwear.

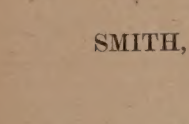
☞Fine lot Gents' Domestic Feetings and Mittens.

SMITH, LOUGEE & CO,

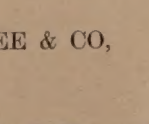
Retailers & Jobbers, Main St., Laconia, N. H.

PROF. W. PAINE, M. D., MEDICAL AUTHOR AND TEACHER

PEABODY HOTEL,



PROFESSOR IN LEADING MEDICAL COLLEGES FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS. AUTHOR OF THIRTEEN LARGE POPULAR STANDARD WORKS ON MEDICINE AND SURGERY.



Ninth St. bet. Walnut, Phila., Pa.

$2.00 Per Day.

CATARRH

CATARRH is the forerunner of Consumption, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Female Diseases, Nervous Debility and Impure Blood.

CATARRH manifests itself by a morbid secretion or discharge from the nose or back portion of the nose, by hawking, raising of mucus and tickling of the throat, loss of voice, loss of smell, loss of taste, partial or complete destruction of sediment and bone, bad smell of the breath and nose, RINGING in the ears, dizziness, the head and nose, bad smell of the breath and nose, RINGING in the ears, dizziness, weak, faint feelings, costiveness, irregular appetite, and a sense of restless, nervous weakness, with more or less loss of memory. These symptoms may all exist, or only a part of the 3, in any one case.

CATARRH is produced by specific GERMS or PARASITES lodging on the parts when debilitated by cold or other causes. Catarrh of the Stomach, Bowels, Liver, Bladder, Kidneys and Womb is also very common, producing Biliousness, DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, or Diarrhœa, BLADDER and KIDNEY Affections, WORMS Diseases, Leucorrhœa, CANCERS, and other fatal maladies. When it locates in the throat and lungs it produces BRONCHITIS AND CONSUMPTION. In all cases the parasites exist in the BLOOD, and produce every conceivable form of BLOOD poisoning. Some forms of the Catarrh germs produce ASTHMA, HAY FEVER, Neuralgia and violent fits of coughing; while others cause Difficult Breathing, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pleurisy, Erysipelas, Skin Diseases, Falling of the Hair and Premature Grayness.

PROF. PAINE has discovered a VAPOR that as positively cures and kills these parasites as water extinguishes fire—it is called the CATARRH VAPOR. He has a pill called the LIVER REGULATOR, which kills all the disease in the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, cures Constipation, and never leaves you costive. He has a tea called PROF. PAINE'S TONIC TEA, that never fails to cure all Female Diseases and Dyspepsia. He has a pill called S. P. PILLS, that cures all forms of Nervous Debility; a NERVE TONIC SYRUP, that makes every one feel strong; and a SEPTIC POWDERS, that cure all forms of AGUES, FEVERS, LEGISLATION and RHEUMATISM. He has an ANTIDOTE TO ACUTE DISEASES, that cures all Fevers and Lung Affections. His great work on the PARASITES OF DISEASES, 1,000 pages, gives a full account of his great discoveries; his DOMESTIC PRACTICE, 750 pages, tells how all people can doctor themselves. He sends his PEABODY RECORD, published monthly, free. ALL CONSULTATIONS FREE. Without boasting or egotism we assure the public that Prof. Paine, by means of his new discoveries, immense experience and eminent learning, can discover and treat disease with more certainty, and greater success, than any one living. Persons writing by sending a little scraping of fur from your tongue, on a small piece of white paper, he can describe disease with as much certainty as though the patient was present; this he does by means of his great microscope—the most powerful one in the United States. The germs lodge on the tongue, and it is by discovering these germs that he tells the disease. All those afflicted and wishing to live should consult him either in person or by letter, which they can do without money. Address PROF. W. PAINE, PEABODY HOTEL, 230 SOUTH NINTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

MEDICINES FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MAKE HENS LAY

An English Veterinary surgeon and Chemist now residing in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold in this country are worthless. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Two powders in a pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 3 letter-stamps. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

A gerah was 2 cents.

Belgian independence was declared in 1830.

The Pittsburg riots occurred in 1877.

A finger's breadth is equal to 1 inch.

The Dark Day in New England was in 1780.

The peace of Villafranca was declared in 1858.

Sweet Little Stannie Snow" is the title of a charming catchy" song with chorus, just published by L. E. Whipple Boston. It is easy and melodious and so taking that though published less than a month ago it has already been put on the concert stage by first-class minstrels. Price with an exquisite lithograph title only 40 cents post-free jesa1t

The Burr and Hamilton duel occurred in 1804.

A Difficult Problem Solved.

The desire for stimulants is becoming a monstrous evil and how to overcome it is a serious question with reformers. Parker's Ginger Tonic fairly solves the difficult problem. It invigorates body and mind without intoxicating, and has brought health and happiness to many desolate homes.—*Enquirer*. See other column. jalmjan1

Gibbon's "Rome" was finished in 1787.

A Chance For Fun.

The "latest thing out" in the way of something to afford home amusement for winter evenings or a side show for church fairs consists of a sort of Magic Lantern that doesn't require pictures on glass. The Polyoptikon, as it is called because it will show up so many different things, makes use of ordinary newspaper pictures family photographs chromo cards home made sketches etc., and thus affords a new use for the collections of pretty cards which so many have been industriously making. Though patented, it can be made and sold at one fourth the price of a good Magic Lantern.

Descriptive circulars can be obtained of the Murray Hill Publishin Co., 129 East Twenty eighth St., N. Y. City. jesa3tjan1

Tea was first used in England in 1666.

A GOOD OFFER.

The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company has just issued an illustrated treatise, "The Heart of the Continent," describing the wonderful growth of the Six Great States. The book is beautifully printed, and numerous engravings of high merit adorn its pages. Any one sending their name and address with two three-cent postage stamps will receive a copy by return mail, by applying to PERCEVAL LOWELL, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Illinois. jesa10tsept28

The Corn Law was abolished in 1846.

THE CHICAGO WORLD.

W. L. Allen, Managing Editor; Charles Barker Bradford, Dramatic Ed; Lewis J. Allen, Society Editor; N. B. Smith, Treasurer; C. H. Williams, Business Agent; Wm. Harmeyer, Business Manager. R. V. Kennedy, City Editor; Mrs. M. E. Deaus, Society Reporter; W. Arnham, Traveling Correspondent. Devoted to art, society, music, sport and the drama. Overflowing with wit, prose, poetry and the choicest of literature.

Having the Largest Circulation of any Literary Journal published West of New York. Circulated throughout the Known World; 30,000 to 50,000 every Week. Country Edition, every Friday. City Edition every Saturday. All Advertisements appear in both Editions. 38 & 40 Dearborn Street. jesa3mjan1

Long Parliament was dissolved in 1653.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, whooping cough, croup, influenza, consumptive and all diseases of the throat, lungs and chest. 50c and $1 a bottle. je-ly-mar1

Sir John Franklin was last seen in 1845.

FOR SALE.—An entirely new Singer machine, at a very low price. Call at this office. jesa1f

A firkin was 7 pints.

Wanted to hire a horse and carriage for the keeping. C. H. Kimball, Plymouth, N. H. jsatfnov23

San Domingo surrendered in 1809.

Perhaps no medicine is so universally required as a good cathartic. Swayne's Pills are prepared expressly to meet this necessity, being composed of purely vegetable ingredients of which podophyllin or mandrake, sarsaparilla, yellow dock and other concentrated juices enter largely into their composition; the whole strength of which is extracted on an entirely new principle. They are mild in their operation and are truly a valuable aperient and anti-bilious medicine. They stimulate the liver to healthy action, cleanse the stomach and bowels of all impurities. Curing sick and nervous headache, dyspepsia or indigestion, biliousness, fevers, drowsiness, colds, aching pains, aches, slight chills, with flushes of heat and female irregularities. For a bilious and costive habit, no medicine is so prompt and effectual. Mailed on receipt of price (in postage stamps) 25 cents, or five boxes for $1. Address Dr. Swayne & son, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask your druggist for them. je-ly jan28

Canada surrendered to England in 1763.

Mighty Extended

Cures Catarrh and a rich nasal tone is restored to every one by the Parker's Hair Balsam. A harmless dressing highly esteemed for its perfume and purity.

jelmjan1

A farthing was 3 cents.

The sum of 25cts cash, or more, will be paid to any person in any town for each account of fire, accident or other important item that concerns life or property. Send immediately by mail, telephone or telegraph, (the latter preferable when time possible however cheaper) to Box 249, Plymouth, N. H. jesa1fnov23

A talent of gold was $26,448.

The Height of Folly.

To eat until you are ill and then drink so you may not get over for months is the height of folly when one might be safely cured during the early symptoms by Parker's Ginger Tonic. We have known sickly families made the healthiest by a timely use of this pure medicine.—*Observer*. jelmjan1

The Constitution of the United States was adopted in 1787.

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WOODSTOCK.

E. M. Gordon is putting in his new board saw.

G. L. Boyce of Lincoln, is at work for C. L. Parker.

The young folks at North Woodstock have started a Literary Society.

The Woodstock Literary Society will hold their Dramatic entertainment on Thursday evening, Jan. 18th, instead of the 13th, as was reported in your last issue.

The workmen on the Valley railroad intend to get through the ledge on Moses Sawyers in about two weeks. ALPHEUS.

The date of the great eclipse was 1609.

The Geneva Tribunal convened in 1871.

The public debt was reduced $13,000,000 during December.

The Mormons settled in Utah in 1847.

ZIONS HERALD.

The only Methodist paper published in NEW ENGLAND. A copy should be read in every Methodist family.

From no other source can an equal amount of good reading be obtained for so little money.

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A. S. WEED, Publisher, 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass. jesa1mjan9.

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Lincoln delivered his first speech in 1848.

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The Pacific telegraph was opened in 1861.

THE Double Holiday Number of the ART INTERCHANGE from an artistic standpoint is the best thing that has ever come from an American Press. It has all the vim and brightness of the French Journals and proves conclusively that there is an uncommon amount of good art in our own country. Editorially it refers to the lamentations of the French critics that the art prestige of Paris is passing away, and that of New York is taking her place in point of importance to the Art World. The contents are as usual excellent—not only giving serviceable information to the practical worker in ceramics, embroidery painting of all kinds metal work, etc., but supplementing such instruction with copious pages of full size working patterns and designs together with full directions for using them. Leading artists are represented.

MR. A. A. ANDERSON is represented by a full page reproduction of one of a set of life-size decorative panels that he has just completed after a year's work, for the private residence of Mr. C. J. Osborne. These panels are of figure subjects, and the one selected for THE ART INTERCHANGE represents autumn.

MR. WALTER SHI LAW has a very effective drawing of a lion's head adapted to a marble fountain. His work is characteristically bold and masterly.

MR. EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD has a full page drawing for a decorative panel It is reproduced from a carefully executed pencil sketch the subject being a Roman girl in classic, long flowing draperies stringing a lute. It is refined and pleasing in every respect.

MISS JESSIE McDERMOTT has a full page, entitled "Christmas Shopping," comprising three figures admirably drawn and making a specially attractive picture.

MR. PERCY MORAN has an ideal head of a very pretty young girl. The view shows a profile and the tones of the drawing are soft and delicate. This is published as an extra supplement.

FREDERIC KAULBACH. A well-known foreign artist, has an ideal head that will be printed in a dark brown ink and appear as an another extra supplement.

This Holiday number is one to be kept, its artistic worth being equal to that of any of the monthly magazines and the supplements suitable for framing. No similar attempt has been made heretofore to present as thoroughly the very latest phases of what is best in American art.

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AUTOGRAPHS!

How many there are who would like to write to some one whose name they know, but who to write. Here at last is the very book we have wanted. Nearly 100 pages, and every one of the most prominent and popular persons of the time for every body, gentleman or lady who desires

NEWS OF THE DAY

GENERAL ITEMS.

—O'Rourke, the murderer of the Mahars, father and daughter, was hanged at Melton, Ont., on Friday.

—Five thousand dollars, expressed by a bank at Indianapolis, Ind., to a similar institution at Muncie, was stolen while in transit.

—The Democratic and Greenback members of the Michigan Legislature have agreed to act together on all questions of party policy.

—Severe weather is being experienced at Montreal.—In the neighborhood of that city the temperature fell twenty-two degrees below zero.

—Isham Scott was hanged at Paris, Texas, on Friday, for the murder of Joseph Speers.

—Masked burglars bound and gagged the inmates of a house near Chicago and then ransacked the premises.

—Lucky Baldwin, a San Francisco millionaire, was shot by Miss Verona Baldwin, on Thursday, in the corridors of his own hotel.

—Governor Crittenden, of Missouri, in his message reports the State free from the robber bands which have heretofore disgraced it.

—By the upsetting of a boat in Dorchester Bay, Mass., two men were drowned—John Russell, twenty-eight years, and John Linehman, forty years.

—General Butler was inaugurated Governor of Massachusetts on Thursday and made a ringing address to the Legislature, arraigning the system of truck-mastering business in every department of the State government, and proposing several remedial measures.

—Four men were killed and four others injured by the explosion of a boiler at Muskogee, Mexico.

—A Stoney (Canadian) Indian, who was being conducted to an insane asylum, is reported to have killed and eaten his escort.

—Mrs. Delano A. Goddard, of Boston, for whom a purse of $25,000 had been made up by friends of her late husband, has declined the gift.

—The Connecticut Legislature passed a resolution validating all ballots returned as cast at the last election for any officers, and also resolutions declaring the Democratic State officers elected.

—The Treasurer of White Pine County, Utah, is reported to have been murdered by burglars who robbed the treasury.

—It is believed at St. Paul, Minn., that combinations have been made in both houses of Legislature which make the election of Windom to the United States Senate almost certain.

—The Delaware Legislature organized by the election of democratic officers.

—About eight hundred coal miners, near Des Moines, Iowa, ceased work on account of a reduction made in their wages.

—In Washington County, N. Y., potash having been discovered in the remains of a young woman, a physician has been held in $5,000 on a charge of having criminally administered the dead by drug.

—Three laborers were killed at Auburn, N. Y., by the caving in of an excavation.

—A horrible series of murders is reported from Little Rideau, Canada. A farm hand killed four members of the family which employed him and wounded three more.

—By the upsetting of a flatboat on the Tuckasegee River, N. C., eighteen convict laborers were drowned on Saturday. The accident was caused by the men's own fright and rush to one end of the boat.

—The result of an ill assorted marriage was terribly illustrated in Central New York. The wife attached the husband with two butcher knives and he killed her with a poker.

—The Congressional election in the Seventh district of Ohio shows a Republican gain over the vote in the fall.

—A shock of earthquake was felt at Rockfield, Me., and vicinity on Sunday night.

—In Knox County, Ohio, a woman who is said to be dying of consumption has confessed to having committed three murders.

—The Ninth and Tenth regiments, Rhode Island Volunteers, during the early days of the rebellion, went to the front as three months' men and returned at the expiration of that period. It is now claimed that inasmuch as the officers and men did not receive a discharge from the government until a few days since they are entitled to their pay, with interest, for the intervening years.

—Fire at Milwaukee, Wis., destroyed clothing, dry goods, etc., to the estimated value of $600,000.

—Michael Mooney was hanged at Malade, Idaho, on Friday last for the crime of murder.

—Three Chinamen were instantly killed by an explosion of giant powder, near Meeksville, Mon.

—The murderers of Jesse James, on exhibition in a Boston museum, attacked their audience and caused a stampede, because some of them threw coin at the Ford brothers onwards.

—A woman was sentenced to be hanged for murder at Emporia, Kan.

—The Board of Managers of the National Soldiers' Home will ask the necessary appropriation for the next fiscal year at $1,122,000.

—The statistics of shipbuilding in the neighborhood of Boston show a gain during 1882 over 1881 of 4,274 tons. The list for 1882 shows eight steamers, one bark, twelve schooners and four sloops, the aggregate tonnage of which is 7,754.

—Samuel Starkweather, a butcher of Williamstown, while driving through the "Dugway," near Pownal, Vt., on Friday night, was stopped by two men, who knocked him from his sleigh and robbed him of $80 and his watch and revolver.

—Iverson Slade, colored, was hanged at Tarboroville, N. C., for murder.

—Governor-elect Waller, of Connecticut, does not believe his election will be defeated in consequence of alleged irregularities in ballots cast for him.

—At Uniontown, Pa., W. L. Dukes, who killed A. C. Nutt, was admitted to bail in the sum of $12,000.

—Two boys, aged respectively eleven and eight years, on being arrested at Meriden, Conn., confessed that they had attempted to wreck a passenger train from New York.

—The death rate of St. Louis, Mo., for 1882, was 19.5 per 1,000; the rate of deaths for the same period was 21.5.

—A decision by the United States Court at Little Rock affects materially the disputed debt of the State of Arkansas—it makes the bonds loaned to railroads a first and super lien on the roads.

—A witness in the Philadelphia Court of Common Pleas having denied the personality of Good Hope Missionary has been rejected and a new trial ordered. Judge Briggs gave the decision.

—Boston has added a new park to her list of breathing spots—Wood's Island, a tract of twenty acres.

—The Knickerbocker Life Insurance Company, of New York City, has failed and gone into the hands of a receiver.

—There is a probability of a speedy passage of the bill to provide judicial investigation of private claims.

—Well informed members of the House of Representatives say that the passage of the Civil Service Reform bill by that body the session is hardly practicable.

—President Arthur gave a brilliant reception in the newly furnished White House.

—A young woman at Pottsville, Pa., attempted to kindle a fire with the aid of coal oil and was burned to death.

—Excitement prevails at Yankton, D. T., over the secret marriage of a Russian physician and a nun out of a Catholic convent.

—The New York City Budget for 1883 was passed by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. It calls for $28,392,585—over $1,000,000 more than this year's budget.

—According to a summary prepared by a mercantile agency the failures in the United States and Canada this year exceeded those of 1881 by 1,645.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

—In response to a House resolution calling for information as to the probable amount of appropriation available for the improvement of rivers and harbors which will be on hand at the close of the current fiscal year, the President to-day transmitted a report from the Chief of Engineers estimating the amount at $5,000,000.

—The House Committee on the Judiciary discussed the Knott resolution declaring all Northern Pacific Railroad land grants forfeited, and on motion of Mr. Knott laid it on the table for consideration at the next meeting of the committee.

—The Presidential Succession bill came up on the unfinished business in the Senate, and was supported by Messrs. Hoar (Rep.), Mass., and Garland (Dem.), of Arkansas. Several amendments were offered to the bill.

—A Washington correspondent says the House Naval Committee will recommend the construction of a number of new naval vessels, as follows: One steam cruising vessel, to cost $2,700,000; one steam vessel of war, of not less than 4,000 tons displacement, to cost $1,576,854; three steam cruising vessels of war, and less than 2,500 tons displacement each, to cost for all $3,060,675; dispatch boat or clipper, to cost $400,000; one cruising torpedo boat, to cost $300,000.

—The Attorney-General has given an opinion that the Chinese law applies only to laborers and others intending to remain in the United States.

—The Senate passed the Whisky in Bond bill.

—The Army Appropriation bill was passed by the House. A large number of amendments were offered in Committee of the Whole, all of which were ruled out on points of order. The bill as passed contains the provision for the gradual addition of the pay corps of the army. The provision as to the transportation of army and army supplies remains unchanged.

—Mr. Robinson introduced a resolution in the House directing the Secretaries of War and Navy to inform the House whether any officer of the army or navy has been detailed to wait on representatives or relatives of deceased traveling through the country.

—The Committee on Ways and Means have almost completed their revision of the tariff.

—The report of the Mississippi Commission estimates the salaries and expenses of the commission for the next fiscal year at $200,000, the estimate for works being $4,870,000.

—The Naval Advisory Board appointed to report upon the unfinished iron-clad vessels Monadnock, Puritan, Amphitrite and Terror, recommends that the vessels be completed at once. Secretary Chandler indorses the report and recommends that an appropriation be made for the work.

—The manufacturers of pig iron are making energetic efforts to induce the Committee of Ways and Means not to reduce the tariff on that material.

—Mr. Elisha H. Allen, the Hawaiian Minister, was attacked with spasms at the White House on New Year's day, while a reception was being held. He had just been presented to the President. Physicians were called in but he died in a few minutes as an autopsy. His death was announced and the reception came immediately to a close.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

—A priest in Donegal, Ireland, says that he accompanied Mr. Trevelyan, Chief Secretary for Ireland, on a tour of investigation, and that the people are miserable. They visited twenty families and found that there was not a morsel of food in any house.

—The Municipal Bank of Saguish, Russia, has failed for some millions of rubles. The assets, exclusive of the furniture, are only twenty-nine rubles.

—A Milan newspaper has been warned against publishing a subscription list for a monument to Overbank.

—On Sunday the Czar found in his bedroom a letter from the revolutionary committee demanding the commencement of the promised reforms.

—A tenant farmer has been beaten to death near Clazenarra, Ireland.

—An unconfirmed rumor was current in London that Germans resident there had received orders to return to Germany to fulfill their terms of military service.

—Gambetta's body was viewed by crowds of Parisians as it lay in state at the Pantheon. His brain weighed 1,100 grams.

—The lamentations are taking the form of a great public catastrophe in Germany. The floods are reappearing in France and the Danube has inundated Presburg.

—Delaney has been found guilty of attempt to murder Judge Lawson and has been sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

—Applications under the Arrears act affect 130,000 holdings.

—Many horses in towns along the Rhine have fallen, being undermined by the floods, and several villages are almost entirely under water to the roofs of the houses.

—Mr. Trevelyan has gone to inspect the distressed districts in Ireland.

—Prince Bismarck hints that he will retire from politics.

—Floods in the Danube and Rhine continue.

—The death is announced in England of the Earl of Stradbrook.

—All the troops in Paris and Marseilles attended the funeral of Gambetta. The fortune of the deceased is estimated at less than 75,000 francs.

—In County Tipperary three bailiffs were attacked by a mob; they fired on their assailants, killing one of them.

—A Madrid paper publishes a letter from the Cuban refugee, Manso, protesting against his imprisonment at Ceuta, and denying that he is now a political prisoner.

—Persia has surrendered Ahmed Khan to Afghanistan.

—Count Wimpffen, the Austrian Ambassador at Paris, has committed suicide.

—A boy was recovered alive from the ruins of the factory which was destroyed by a falling chimney in Bradford, England.

—The bodies of a factory at Dixon, Belgium, exploded Friday while the building was full of work people. A number of persons were killed. Three bodies have so far been extricated.

—Zululand is to be divided between John Dunn and Cetewayo.

—The Boers want to revise the convention with Great Britain.

—The floods on the Rhine cause great interruption to railway traffic in Europe.

—M. Leon Gambetta, of France, died at an early hour New Year's morning. M. Gambetta's career was full of strange and dramatic incidents. Of humble origin, by his talents alone he rose to be one of the foremost men of France. Had he survived he would probably have been elected President of the Republic. He was created an e journalist and as a French politician.

THE MAN FROM ARKANSAS.

HOW A STERN WASHINGTON OFFICIAL'S HEART WAS MOVED TO PITY.

A Washington Correspondent Tells this Story of Office-seeking Life at the Capital.

Among the crowds which thronged the ante-rooms of the State Department seeking for Consulships at the beginning of General Garfield's Administration, there came a man of modest, patient demeanor, who hailed from Arkansas.

He aspired to be a Consul at some important point, and he had secured the indorsement of a number of Congressmen who vouched for the excellence of his record as a soldier. The case was one which appealed to the sympathies of the Assistant Secretary, before whom the matter came primarily for decision. He was, however, unable to take action for several weeks. The man was a daily visitor at the Department, and as it seemed to the kind-hearted official was growing sodden and leaner as the weeks passed by. Toward the end of May, as the man entered the office one day, Mr. Hitt said:

"You have been here a long time, have you not?"

The man hung his head and meekly admitted that he had.

"Now tell me truly," said the Assistant Secretary, "haven't you been here since the 4th of March, seeking this office?" The applicant blushed and, after a moment's hesitation, admitted that he had been in Washington since the inauguration of the new Administration.

"Have you a wife?"

"Yes."

"And you have her here, too, have you not?"

The answer was a whisper in the affirmative.

"And have you children?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many?"

"Four."

"And you have had them here all this time, too—wife and children—have you not?"

Tears choked the voice of the poor man as he verified the Assistant Secretary's suspicions.

"Well, now," said Mr. Hitt, his sympathies for the anguished fellow overcoming his customary official reserve, "I will make you a promise which I have made to no other applicant—but on one condition. If you take your wife and children and start for home to-morrow, I will make your case a special one, and I will see the President personally about it during the week."

The applicant heaved a sigh of relief reflected a moment, and with choking voice asked if he might not return the next day. "No," said the Assistant Secretary. "You have been here too long already. I will do as I have said, but only on the condition that you go to your home to-morrow."

The applicant again reflected, and pleadingly asked to be allowed to come once more.

"No, sir," said the official. "You have your fate in your hands. Go home, or I do nothing in your case."

The man turned slowly on his heel, heaved a sigh, and with his hand on the door-knob was about to depart, when he paused and stood as last as a defiant world-conqueror. On Nov. 14 he became the friend of Grevy's Cabinet, himself taking the portfolio of Minister of Foreign Affairs. On Jan. 14, 1882, he made his speech on proposed changes in the French Constitution, including the *scrutin de liste*. On Jan. 26 his measure was overwhelmingly defeated, by 305 to 117, and he resigned his portfolio.

Just at that moment the door was pulled open from without, and a local reporter entered. The reporter and the office-seeker saluted each other familiarly with "Hello, Bob;" "How are you, Tom?" as the one passed in and the other out.

"What," queried the Assistant Secretary, addressing the reporter, "do you know that man from Arkansas?"

"Man from Arkansas?" repeated the reporter, with an inflection indicating surprise and amusement. "He's no man from Arkansas. He's a clerk in the Pension Office; his wife keeps a boarding house on F street. I've known 'em for eleven years; used to board with 'em."

Building Up a Business.

An English paper tells us how what is now the largest shoe manufactory in England was started. It says: J—— B—— was a respectable citizen of London, who in a venture lost his all, and retired to the country to live quietly on a little independence belonging to his wife. He did not like this state of things; but there seemed no opening for the commencement of any business. He had some knowledge of chemistry, and a taste for making experiments with it, and thought he would begin the tanning of leather by some process of his own, and see if any money could be acquired in that way. He exhausted all his small capital, and there was no sale for his hides. An old city friend, an alderman, who possessed a country-seat near the place where J—— B—— had set up his tan-pits, heard how the leather hung on hand, and asked: "Why not make your leather into shoes?" Few persons care to buy, or know what to do with hides. Every one must wear shoes."

The difficulty was the want of capital; but J—— B——, nothing daunted, with his two sons, lads just come home from school, and the assistance of a village cobbler, set to work. The lads soon outstripped their instructor, adding intelligence to diligence, and the result was that their shoes sold faster than they could make them; and, in time, as their business increased, they not only sold thousands of pairs throughout England, but the demand for them in Australia became very great. J—— B—— died a wealthy man; and his two sons carried on the business, and in time, having realized huge fortunes, sold out and retired. Unfortunately, they had no resources of amusement or occupation in themselves, and the loss of an object to take up their time and give them an interest in the affairs of life at length so pressed upon them that they, at the end of a short period of this enforced idleness, repurchased at an enormous cost the factory but lately sold; and at the present time they employ at least a thousand pair of hands in the making of boots and shoes.

A NEW TICKER.—The Petersburg (Va.) *Index-Appeal* asks how Winfield S. Hancock and Joseph E. Johnston would do for a Democratic Presidential ticket in 1884, and thinks that its adoption would prove that the war is really over.

BRIGHTNESS.—The number of women whom registered in Boston has steadily decreased every year since the passage of the law, there being now only 567, against 748 in 1881, 773 in 1880, and 980 in 1879. Their names are printed in one of the city papers this year.

A NOTABLE FRENCHMAN.

The Late M. Gambetta, the French Editor and Politician.

Leon Gambetta was born Oct. 30, 1838, in Cahors, the capital city of the Department of Lot, in Southern France. He entered upon the study of the law, and in 1859 was admitted to the Paris bar. It has been related of him, as illustrative of the intriguing disposition which was united to his wonderful executive mind, that he several times purloined briefs of important trials from the office of the old lawyer with whom he studied, mastered their contents, and when the time for the argument was at hand called his employer's attention to them. Despairing of mastering the case in so brief a time, the old lawyer would place the brief in Gambetta's hand, who used the opportunity with signal effect to forward his own interests by making a powerful argument. He soon became famous as a lawyer, and appeared in several important political causes, both in Paris and the provinces. Himself a man of the people, he was bold in expressing opinions of the most ultra republican order, and became popular with the masses. In 1868 he published a fiercely denounced the arbitrary measures of Louis Napoleon, and in 1869 defended the *Rappel* newspaper in Toulouse, and was given an enthusiastic reception through the south of France. In the same year he was elected Deputy by the "Irreconcilables" for both Paris and Marseilles, but decided to take his seat for Marseilles. In 1870 he made an attack on the Olivier Ministry, and declared that the day would come when a republic should exist in France. On the 4th of September, 1870, the Empire fell, Louis Napoleon's surrender at Sedan on Sept. 4 of the same year. Gambetta foremost in the organization of the provisional government, and became Minister of the Interior. A misunderstanding arose between the Delegate Government at Tours and the National Defense Committee in Paris with regard to the contemplated election of Deputies.

He left Paris on Oct. 7 in the balloon "Armand-Barbes," accompanied by a secretary and an aeronaut, passed the Prussian lines and reached Rouen in the evening. Thence he proceeded to Tours, organized a Government in the provinces which were uninvaded by the Germans, and raised an army. He advocated resistance to the bitter end, but when his soldiers were defeated and articles of peace were signed the members of the Paris Government reversed his decrees, and censured him. He resigned, and passed the following months in private life. Suddenly he reappeared as a delegate in the Assembly, and was soon the acknowledged leader of the Radical wing of the Republican party. During the exciting period which followed he was alternately worshiped and maligned by his countrymen. But, right or wrong, in one thing he was consistent; he was always for the definitive establishment of the republic. In 1873 he made a "progress" through the south of France, and was treated with the honors due to royalty. In 1877 he had a conference at Rome with the leading statesmen of Italy. A few weeks later the eleventh Correctional Tribunal of Paris sentenced him to three months' imprisonment and a fine of 2,000 francs. This was due to his remark at a private meeting that after the next elections President MacMahon must submit or resign. In November, 1878, he fought a duel with Piroux, Deputy, who had called a liar during a discussion in the Chamber. The encounter was harmless, and it was claimed that the seconds loaded the pistols with blank cartridges.

In 1879, when Grevy became President of the republic, Gambetta was elected President of the Chamber of Deputies. The two foremost Republicans held the two foremost positions. Gambetta was reelected in 1880 and 1881. He has been much criticised for the war in Tunis in 1881, which was undertaken by his ministry. Domestic politics have not suffered seriously, or perhaps not as much as they previously did from the rats and snakes. In those parts of India were they are found they are not regarded as being specially obnoxious to tame animals. A singular result has followed their acclimatization in Jamaica; they have effected an alteration in the habit of the rats, that have taken to tree climbing, making their nests in the hollows of trees where the mungoos cannot follow them. The success which has attended the acclimatization of these animals in the West Indies may possibly lead to a trial of their services in Australia as destroyers of the rabbit; and, in view of this contingency, Mr. Bancroft Espent referred those desirous of more detailed information to the letter of Mr. Morris, which was published in the *Field* for Feb. 14, 1882.

A NEW STATE.—The official election returns of Montana show that at the recent election 23,312 votes were cast. In 1880 the total vote was only 14,000 and the census revealed a population of 40,000. It is believed that the population now amounts to 75,000 and that by the close of 1883 there will be 100,000 persons residing in the Territory. The Legislature will draw up a petition the present winter for the admission of the Territory as a State.

THE interchange of Christmas presents in many cases means the giving something you can't afford in return for something you don't want.

MARKET NOTES.

NEW YORK MARKET.

The Wholesale New York market quotations show:

BEANS—Prime $3.70@3.75; fair to good, $2.65@2.70 per bushel.

BUTTER—New York sold at 35@37c. for choice in pails, and 30@33c. common to good. Western sold at 42@44c. and the common Western at 18@22c.

CHEESE—Factory fancy, 13c@13½c. do. fair to good, 9@10c.

EGGS—Quotations ranged from 28c. for ordinary, to 35c. for New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

FLOUR—Superfine, $3.30@3.75; Western, $4.45@7.40; extra New York, $3.80@6.00.

HAY—Shipping, 60@65c.; clover, 60@75c. salt, 65c.; new, 80@85c.

HOPS—New York, 30@34c.; Eastern, 30@36c.; yearlings, 30@30c.; olds, —@—.

PETROLEUM—Refined, 7½c.; crude, 6½@7½c. in bulk, 8½c.; standard white, 7½c. in shipping order, and 11½@12½c. in cases.

PORK—New mess, $18.10@18.20; dressed hogs, 8½@8½c.

WHEAT—Spring No. 3, —@97½c.; Milwaukee, No. 2, $1.36; amber, $1.32@1.40; white, 87½@$1.07½.

RYE—State, 69@71c.

WOOL—Ohio, Pennsylvania and Virginia, XXX, 45@46c.; XX, 42@45c.; X, 42@43c.; No. 1, 45@47c.; No. 2, 38@40c.; common, 33@35c.; New York and Western XX and X, 39@45½c.; No. 1, 44@46c.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

FLOUR—State family, —@$4.75; rye flour, $3.75@$3.87½; wheat, State, 3—@$1.13; amber, $1.43; corn, yellow, 81c.; mixed State, 84c.

PETROLEUM—Refined, 7¼c.; crude, 6¼c.

WOOL—State and Western XX, 46@50c.; X, 47@48c.; medium, 50@51c.; coarse, 45c.

BOSTON MARKET.

FLOUR—From $3.50@3.75 for low and medium, to $4.75@6.00 for choice Minnesota. CORN, 80@84c. for mixed and yellow.

BUTTER—Creamery, 30@32c. Vermont dairy, 29@33c.; choice creamery, 37@42c.

CHEESE—12½@13½c.

BEANS—$1.60@$2.50.

HAY—Choice, $17@$18.

CATTLE MARKETS.

BUFFALO—Cattle, good quality, $5.50@$5.75; hogs, fair to good, $6.45@$6.60; best, $6.75.

EAST LIBERTY, PENN.—Best cattle, $5.75@$6.25; medium to good, $4.50@$5.50; common to fair, $3.50@$4.25; Hogs, Yorkers, $6.25@$6.45; Philadelphias, $6.60@$6.80. Sheep, $5.50@$4.75.

WATERTOWN, MASS.—Cattle, choice, $—@$10.50; extra, $9.00@$9.00, first quality, $7.50@$8.00; second quality, $5.00@$7.00; third quality, $4.25@$4.50. Sheep and lambs —veal sheep, $2.50@$4.50; extra, $4.75@$5.25; spring lambs, 4½@5½c. Veal calves, 5@7½c.

RATS AND RABBITS.

The Immense Services Done by the Mungoos in Jamaica.

[From the London Field.]

At the present time, when the inhabitants of the several Australian colonies are searching for some means of diminishing the vast numbers of the rabbits which are devouring the produce of the soil, the history of the acclimatization and utilization of the mungoos in the island of Jamaica, which was related in a paper read by Mr. W. Bancroft Espent, at the meeting of the Zoological Society on Tuesday last, may not be without interest. A few years since the growth of crops in the island was so seriously interfered with by the number of rats, that land was allowed to pass out of cultivation, an expenditure of from £200 to £300 annually on several of the estates failing to keep down the numbers of the three species of these destructive rodents—the brown and black rat, and the cane pine rat (Mus saccharivorus).

Several attempts to introduce animals destructive to the rats had been made, but without success. The raffle ant (Formices omnivora) was effectual in certain localities, but it was equally efficacious in destroying native birds, chickens, puppies, and even occasionally killed calves. The Aqua toads, as a remedy, proved as bad as the disease, as they killed all ground birds, chickens, and eggs. Ferrets were also introduced, there being no musteline animal native to the island; but they were destroyed by chigoes. Fox terriers were found useless, as they were cut by the serrated edges of the leaves of the sugar cane. In 1872 Mr. B. Espent introduced nine mungoos, four males and five females, one of the latter with young, direct from India. These were distributed, and in a few months had bred freely. So great was the destruction of rats effected by these animals, that in two years the expenditure for the extirpation of rats had ceased, as they were not only discriminated by the introducer, but the young mungooses were trapped alive by the negroes and sold at 5s each, the original expense of their introduction being about £1 per head. The beneficial effect of their introduction has been variously estimated at sums varying from £100,000 to £150,000 a year.

In 1875 the growth of cocoa was almost impossible, the export of chocolate and cocoa nibs for the whole island only amounting to £570 per annum; in five years the value of the export had risen to £11,000, and coffee, maize, peas, and beans, the growth of which had almost entirely ceased, were largely cultivated. The utility of the mungoos was not confined to the destruction of rats, as it destroyed vast numbers of snakes, toads, and land crabs. Since the advantage of the mungoos in Jamaica, has been proved, it has been introduced into several of the other islands, as Cuba, Barbadoes, Porto Rico. Several subsequent importations have been made into Jamaica, but the arrivals sent from England have not done as well as those imported direct from India.

The only objection made to the mungoos is that it has interfered with the ground nesting birds; thus the number of the quail have been observed to be diminished. Domestic poultry are not molested, as the mungoos prefers rats and snakes. In those parts of India were they are found they are not regarded as being specially obnoxious to tame animals. A singular result has followed their acclimatization in Jamaica; they have effected an alteration in the habit of the rats, that have taken to tree climbing, making their nests in the hollows of trees where the mungoos cannot follow them. The success which has attended the acclimatization of these animals in the West Indies may possibly lead to a trial of their services in Australia as destroyers of the rabbit; and, in view of this contingency, Mr. Bancroft Espent referred those desirous of more detailed information to the letter of Mr. Morris, which was published in the *Field* for Feb. 14, 1882.

Down in the Dark.

The Virginia, Nev., *Enterprise* says: Down in the lower levels of our mines, hundreds of feet below the surface of the earth, in the dominions of Erebus, where darkness ever holds its reign unbroken by the light of day, are found some curious growths.

The Grass Valley *Tidings* of recent date makes the following mention of a specimen of this subterranean vegetation:

"On Saturday some miners found a rather queer specimen in the 700 level in the Idaho mine. The specimen was found among the timber is a sort of fungus (punk, we believe the miners call it), and is just the shape of a human hand. The hand has five fingers and a thumb, and appears to be in a sort of cramped position. It is a singular looking specimen, and may be seen at Wisconsin Hotel."

In the lower levels of the Comstock mines—particularly those long abandoned or unused—are seen many wonderful growths of different kinds of fungi. Some of these are great size, almost filling up drifts, and seen by the dim light of a candle look like sheeted ghosts. Down below in the dark these growths seem to strive to imitate the forms of things seen on the surface. In one of our mines was once found an imitation of a fancifully-carved meerschaum pipe, stem and all, so perfect that it would easily be mistaken for the genuine article if not taken in the hand and closely examined. Some of the fungi resemble the horns of animals, and are from two feet to a yard in length, while others might pass for a petrified devil-fish.

Mrs. Tilton at Home.

The following are extracts from letters of Evangeline Barnes to the Stanford (Ky.) *Journal*:

"I paid a visit to Mrs. Theodore Tilton a few days ago. She, though not a blood relative has always been a favorite with me. Those who have only known her in connection with the horrible Beecher trial, know nothing whatever about her. She welcomed my visit as of old. She is fearfully altered by these awful years. Her personal beauty, once very marked, is almost gone. The soft, bright, innocent eye remains, but that alone. Her delicate hands once as soft as velvet, are hard with toil. The [illegible] dress dark brown hair is very gray, and the pink and white of the once beautiful complexion are replaced by a dull sallow. But her life is full of peace and rest that "the world cannot give."

The seven times heated furnace has purified, not consumed her, and to-day she has what others have [illegible] conscience void of offence toward God and me."

I write this for my dear [illegible] whom I am prouder than in the days she was not the forsaken creature she is now, but the centre of admiring circles, where all acknowledge her

THE JOLLY FIRE LADDIE.

How He is Stretched Out to Make Him Tall Enough—Filling Up and Thinning Down.

In New York City, applicants have to pass an examination before their names are placed on the list for places. Of every thousand so examined, at least eight hundred are refused for physical reasons. "Obesity is a good cause for rejection, but in regard to deficiency in weight, if the cause is of a temporary nature, the applicant is entitled to another examination. Many aspirants go into training under direction of physicians before application is made to the board at all, and the points they generally study and train for, are weight, chest measurement, and height. A physician who is in that particular line says he has had scores of young men in training for positions the past few years. Some of them were perfectly healthy, and a little management and perseverance so altered their physiques that they became model firemen. Others could not qualify with all the training in the world. If the man is lean, he is fed on oat-meal mush and milk, and kept at rest, so that no flesh is lost in exercise. He sleeps and laughs much during the period of training, and avoids everything that tends to worry his mind. If he has a scolding wife, he induces his mother-in-law to take her on a visit, and pretends that it is for her health, instead of his own. The chest can be enlarged by proper exercise and observing prescribed rules. The fat man is reduced to regulation weight by exercise, careful dieting, or starvation, if necessary. What little he does eat is of a kind that runs to muscle rather than fat, the queerest thing about the trainer's ingenuity is that short men are made a trifle longer by certain painful methods of elongation. His hands and feet are secured to movable beams and the screws put in motion until the subject is drawn out to the greatest length his courage will endure, and he is kept so until he begs for mercy. This process is gone through every day, until nearly an inch is added to his length. It is a question whether he retains this extra height. Many hold that he will in time settle down to his old size, while some trainers claim that the elongation is permanent. Just before examination the aspirant fills himself with water, and goes before the board with several extra pounds of fictitious and deceptive weight. Sleep will naturally add to length, breadth and thickness, and will give a man a vigorous appearance that he does not wear later in the day. An unsuccessful applicant states that he had gained eight pounds before the first examination and twenty on the second, much of the latter weight being fictitiously added by drinking twenty glasses of water, according to his statement. The department is dead set against any improper methods of altering the physique, and detection bars them from examination, while the medical examiners are so versed in their business that it is not an easy matter to deceive them, and the applicant has disappointment for his reward.

[New Haven (Conn.) Union.]

How a Lawyer Treated the Case.

I, David Strouse, of New Haven, Connecticut, was attacked with a severe rheumatism in my right arm, hand and foot, so that I walked with difficulty and could hardly use my hand to eat with. I used one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, rubbing well three times a day, and obtained instant relief and a perfect cure.

DAVID STROUSE, Attorney-at-Law.

A WESTERN debating society will tackle the question, "Which is the most fun—to see a man try to thread a needle or a woman try to drive a nail?"

Mind and Body.

PORT BYRON, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1881.

H. H. WARNER & Co.—*Sirs:* For years I suffered unspeakably from kidney and bladder diseases. The doctors could do me no good. Your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure not only removed all bodily pain, but banished the agonies of mind also. REUBEN HADDEN.

A LOCOMOTIVE on a slope without steam reminds us very much of a poor devil without money. Either one of them has no difficulty of going down hill.

The Fraser Axle Grease

is the best in the market. It is the most economical and cheapest, one box lasting as long as two of any other. One greasing will last two weeks. It received first premium at the Centennial and Paris Expositions, with medals at various State fairs. Buy no other.

HE is next to the gods whom reason and not passion repels; and who, after weighing the facts, can suspend the punishment with discretion.—Claudianus.

THE most comfortable boot in town is that with Lyon's Patent Metallic Heel Stiffeners.

THE only disadvantage of an honest heart is ernety.—Sir Philip Sidney.

CHAPPED HANDS, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

ACROSTIC, looks, words, steps, "Form the alphabet by which you may spell characters.—LAVATER.

PURE blood helps to make a clear conscience. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood. Enough said. Send us a big bottle.

OUR minds are as different as our destination—happiness; but few are going by the same road.—Colton.

Mother Swan's Worm Syrup, for feverishness, Worms, Convulsions, Stomach Disorders, 25c.

LOVE, that has nothing but beauty to keep it in good health, is short-lived.—Erasmus.

Stinging, irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

A DOCILE disposition will, with application, surmount every difficulty.—Manilius.

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Has met success at home never accorded to any other proprietary medicine. It has successfully combated the strongest competition, and its superior merit to-day commands the largest sale and the greatest confidence wherever it has been introduced.

The remarkable results in disease so universal, and with such a variety of characteristics as catarrh, prove how effectually Hood's Sarsaparilla, acting through the blood, reach every part of the human system.

"I am under great obligations to you for the benefit I have received by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for your valuable Sarsaparilla. Having been a sufferer from catarrh for six or eight years, and having tried nearly all the wonderful cures, sure cures, inhalers, etc., and spending over a hundred dollars without benefit, I accidentally tried Hood's Sarsaparilla; the discharge from my nose was greatly increased, the first bottle I took, then it gradually became less, and in taking less than three bottles I had myself so greatly improved that I write to let you know the facts. I think one or two bottles more will make me entirely well. I gladly have given a hundred dollars for. Let the sufferers of New England know that Hood's Sarsaparilla will cure catarrh."

MRS. M. A. ADAMS, Worcester, Mass.

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RESCUED FROM DEATH.

WILLIAM S. CORNELIUS, Merchant, Mass., saw in the fall of 1881 I was taken with soreness of my throat followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the hospital. The surgeon said I had a tubercle on my lung as big as a half-dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past. I write this hoping many are afflicted with Bronchial Lungs will try it. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY is and we be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I am positively my self to the above mere good than all my other physicians and medicines. Sold by all druggists and at Allen's Pharmacy, 155 1st Av., N.Y.

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